

has his own set ideas  
learned from somewhere  
long ago.  
he gets on the trip  
which is his  
sometimes he gets  
gone  
I'll be petting him  
and then he'll have me  
my hand trapped in his  
gut  
the teeth will incise into  
the top part of my hand  
and holding me there  
like that  
he'll rip the backs of  
my wrists  
with his two rear paws  
with the claws  
fully extended ...  
I leave my hand there  
until he's finished  
then I  
lift it away  
rivulets of blood  
seep ... he just  
looks at me.

I'll send him to you  
in a whole natural almond  
crate  
I'll cut holes so he can  
breathe

but beware when you pry off  
the lid

I'll send him to you  
just in time  
via Air Express

open that crate on  
National Poetry Day.

A BOOR

we are sitting in this cafe  
waiting  
I've read the race results  
and entries over and  
over.

"everyone else has rolls,"  
Linda says. "I wonder why



our waitress hasn't brought  
us any rolls?"

"which waitress is ours?"  
I ask.

"you ordered. don't you  
look at people?"

"not before eating. which  
one is she?"

"she's over there folding  
napkins. she won't look  
up."

"that one?"

"that one."

I put a napkin on my fork and  
whirl it around and around  
holding it over my head.

"oh, stop that!" Linda says.

the waitress sees me and walks  
over.

"where are our rolls?" I  
ask.

"with your order, rolls are 75¢  
extra."

"good. bring us four orders of  
rolls, please."

our waitress leaves.

"besides that," Linda says, "she  
hasn't brought us our order.  
it's been ready for fifteen  
minutes."

"how do you know?"

"I can see it sitting there."

"I can't see anything."

"it's behind a glass partition.  
I can see it."

our waitress comes with four  
orders of rolls and butter.

"thank you," I say, "but I wonder  
why you don't bring us our dinner?  
it's been ready for 15 minutes."

"that's not your order, sir. those  
are display samples."

our waitress walks off.



"eat your rolls," I say to  
Linda.

"no, I don't want to spoil my  
dinner."

"please pass me the front page."

"no, I'm reading it."

so I stare at the back of a woman's  
neck until she turns her  
face.

then our order comes  
only  
it is another waitress bringing  
it.

"thank you," I say.

the new waitress walks off.

"the other waitress couldn't  
stand you," says Linda.

"I hate to ruin somebody's  
day," I say.

"well, you have."

it happens almost everywhere  
we go ....

it's a good place.  
they only serve seafood and the tables are  
well-spaced.

I eat the dinner.  
Linda eats hers.

I tip 15% and we leave.

walking toward our car in the parking  
lot

Linda says, "you ate all the rolls."

"yeah," I say.

LET IT GO

peeing drunk

in the middle of the night

on the second floor of somewhere

symphony music on --

quite a good boy working out.

it's good to have the arts  
to let it go on.